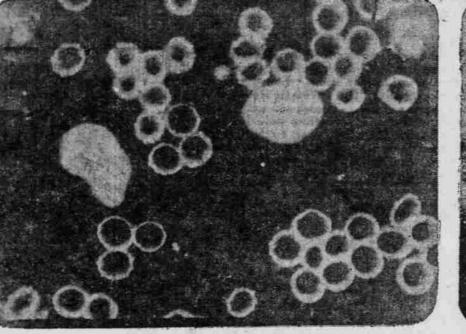
Remarkable Movies of the Living Blood



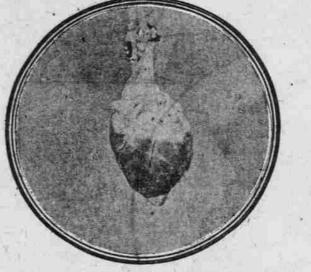




This Picture That Looks Like That of a Dark River Flowing Between High Banks Shows Human Blood in Artery.

How the Modern Medical died in 1657. His famous theory of the circulation of the blood was not announced until 1638. Harvey was a friend of the king and numbered among his patients some of the most How the Modern Medical Student Sees the Minute Drama of Body Life Clearly Enacted on the Screen, In-cluding the Beating of the Heart and the Building of Tissue BY F'A COLLINS. Horities once believed that the veries

Elements of Human Blood Greatly Magnified.



Heart Beats of a Frog Are Shown With This Distinctness of Image.

BT F.A. COLLINS.
Notifies one believed that the verse hand activities of the human body were filed with nothing more substantiation. The was thought by some that activities of the blood to the blood to the blood to medical times believed in the terms are due may be watched as it flows are such as the due to the was don't the blood flow was advanced to the blood to the blood to the server has a file discovery at the discovery at discovery at a discovery at discovery discovery at discovery at discovery at discovery at discovery a

Showing Divided Streams of Blood in the Arteries of a Frog.

defined streams which continue on their courses. An entarged moving picture of the blood flowing through an artery is especially surprising. The stream of blood is magnified until it has the appearance of a broad, deep river flowing between high banks. The illu-sion is so perfect that one would not be surprised to see large ships sud-denly appear on its surface or build-ings rise on its banks. In the moving pictures of the veins and arteries the

Ings rise on its banks. In the moving pletures of the veins and arteries the stream seems to flow with the rapid-ity of a mill race. The flow is not steady, however, but changes every second. The puising movies is noth-ing less than the puisation of the heart. Even the heart itself is photo-You may fancy the vividness of the revelation by recalling your own ex-perience in a motion picture theater. sees in these and the pulsation of the heart. Even the heart itself is photo-graphed in the very act of contract-ing and expanding. The pictures re-meduced herewith are actual photo-

ing and expanding. The pictures re-produced herewith are actual photo-graphs enlarged from moving picture films. The films were made in France by a combination of the X-ray and the microscope designed by Pathe. The importance of such films in medicine, for instance, will of course, be recognized. The slow tedious work of examining the blood with the aid of a powerful microscope is done away with, as well as the use of the X-ray machine. A class of medical students, for instance, can enjoy this amaz-

mediumship. HERBERT G. WELLS.

disguise of the name of H. G. Wells, author of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through" and "Tono-Bungay." They

who are familiar with Mr. Wells' piquant style will have difficulty in recognizing it in the domestic phras-

ing of "I am not able to write much

of a letter but a few lines from me-Finally, I have not the honor of knowing Mr. Wells, and he is there

fore not likely to address me as "Harry," or to be "often present." And the defenders—ob, there will be some!—will insist that Guide

Christy may have got hold of the wrong Wells, in the crowded spirit cities, and brought another Herbert

G. Wells to write to me. But I have never heard of any other Herbert Wells. And if Christy could make

that mistake, perhaps with both Wells and Alfred Henry Lewis, how often he must bring the wrong spirit;

how often Keeler's sitters must be

" They Wells"

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SINCLAIR LEWIS ASSAILS THE CLAIMS OF SPIRITUALISTS

learned men, inspired by their awful, the guitar, the drum and tambourine, other faithful souls who were always aside, or he is on a journey, or per-lore to a gracious dignity of speech, and performs such side-splitting so lucky at all sorts of scances. I adventure he sleepeth!" Poor priets for the other two. Another medium but the spirit lives on. I am often grants and snatching off the lace cap have told how Alexander's messages of Baal, they had no well-trained did guess the name as Henry. Keeler seance, 1 had witnessed Alexander re-

ceiving the same vague sort of "Communications from Sister Louise and the Reverend Canon X." In fact, Keeler's "proofs" had been even better than Slater's, because they had been "messages written by spirit hands." Keeler had, he himself told me later, known Alexander for several years. Alexander's mother was a well-known spiritualist. Alexana well-known spiritual messages at der received several messages at Reeler's. Then, out of the 15,000 peo-ple at the auditorium, Alexander was again one of the faw to receive the only spiritual preparation necessary. The moment I was seated—Mr. Slater dium to medium?

Inside the Sealed Envelope.

And at the same auditorium seance Slater also gave a message from William, her husband, to a woman who had had the same sort of vague greet-ing from that same William at that same Keeler seance of the night be- at the same time you don't overdofore! How curious is the coincidence by which people who don't need any proofs, being already convinced, keep receiving the same proofs from the same spirits, though via different medlums!

Having thus endeavored to get insight into the methods by which the spirits can be assisted, let us joyfully return to the class in medium ship at Library hall, and to the m sages which Mr. Slater gave there. the mes-

Hig tests were hard to explain, al-most convincing, and delivered with truly remarkable rapidity. Mr. Slater is proud of this rapidity. He chuckled, "Get that? Too quick for you, eh? Overheard fellow the other day saying Slater was too quick and George Way Slater was too glow! Huh?" I heard a plump old lady comment, "That's so. Mr. Slater just does go so fast, I d'clare I will modify all your conditions, but will modify all your conditions, but can't hardly follow him-and his will modify all your conditions, but you don't need to worry, for we will

Mr. Slater picked up a sealed envelope, and before even opening it he remarked, "This is about your worry over the Michigan Central railroad." The startled questioner admitted that it was. Slater tore open the en-velope, read the question, and gave an which seemed satisfactory answer. Even more notable was his informa-tion to a woman that her son had enlisted in the 5th Ohio regiment, under a false name, which Slater

gave. Mr. Slater's private Uncas was in good form. But the Uncas wanted credit for everything he did. I should have fancied that a blessed soul on the astral plane, a really first-class Uncas, who could snap out information about the Michigan Central and paradise and strained conditions, would be content to deliver his inapired message, and scorn the earthly credit-grabbing of making the de-votes admit that Mr. Slater and the Uncas couldn't "possibly have known that before." That shows how unwise I was to prejudge, for always the celestial messenger made the receipient sign the A. D. T. book. Once he was unusually emphatic:

"Is that right?" "Yes, sir."

"You bet your life it's right!"

The elect, the students of occult truths, all chuckled at the snappy wit of the master and his guide. Before this, they had not even noticed the exquisite backstreet phrasing of "Shee is what I'd call a high-class lady," and "Them that has—" and "She was a hatchet-faced lady." Nor later, in

ever met, talked like an auctioneer. fact. Speaking of Shakespeare, Stevenson,

et al. I have chronicled a part of my "pri-

vate reading" and acknowledged Mr. Slater's generosity in admitting that Shakespeare, Stevenson and James were assisting me in my attempt to

are dynamic, vital, sensitive. You are cager and progressive, as it were, but you are conservative, if you know what I mean. You are thinking some about making a change, but we tell you through Mr. Slater to be very

cautious about it, and to go on with your work, and I can positively say that you will succeed in what you are undertaking. I can absolutely see that you do not need to worry about get-ting in touch with many people-use those who will be of advantage as stepping stones, if you know what I mean, but you don't need to know more than just a few. You are going to develop spiritually and before th fall is over you will have reached a solution of the difficulties that are confronting you. Just work ahead the way you have been doing and all chairs.

be right with you, guiding you, any down. questions?

questions?" Let us analyze the analyst. All of this study of a young man would apply to almost any man on salary who had a alight, nervous body such as mine. It could be jerked out of its pigeonhole and used on one second's notice. It is generalization at its most general. But to me, because of my occupation as free lance. it of my occupation as free lance, it happened not to apply at all! I am not conservative. I do "overdo." I ders. Bells were rung behind the am not thinking about "making a

change "the safe Lily Dalism for hind it. too, a guitar was playing, that more or less vague desire for a drum beaten, a tambourine rattled new job which is almost universal then whirled on the end of a stick, with young men on a salary. I do, as a fiction writer, need to "get in touch with" very many persons and finally look over the curtain to see the gui I had no particular "difficulties con

ronting me." How I had profited by sitting at the feet of the new Socrates! Spiritualism in a special \$3 revelation. Next to Mr. Slater, Mr. Pierre, L

O. A. Keeler is the most popular torch-bearer of Lily Dale. Mr. Keeler has been a public character longer than Mr. Slater, but spiritualistic fashions are changing. The pure and high-minded mediumship of the purely ver-bal sort seems to be more in favor than Mr. Keeler's slate-writing and

beil-ringing entertainments. But he has a regular department in the Progressive Thinker of Chicago, and he gets plenty of business at Lily Dals . . . And he seems to be able to produce the same spirits for the same customers as does the only genuine Slater. Mr. Pierre L. O. A. Keeler has two forms of religious

from the splrit world-unless, alas, they were the hands of a mortal in the room above-sharply raised and lowered the movable front of the box, and thus suddenly increased and decreased the amount of light showing through the red paper. Somebody screamed. All the circle became more

of an old lady. The physical mani-festations take place every Saturday evening and are the most popular \$1 Several times the spirit's hand was coming.

ear's phonographs. . . . Frost and Alexander were again rewarded for

And I wonder whether some of the

evening and are the most popular \$1 show in Lily Dale. You are likely not to get in. Forty of us, including Mr. Frost, peared several people cried out; the and Mr. Alexander of Torento, third time, a woman fainted. Sev-filled the folding chairs at right. We faced a plain drab curtain about four feet high, across one corner of a summer cottage room, which was distinguished by a kerosena bracket male human being. The voices came now; people were distinguished by a kerosene bracket lamp and a chrome of three American

young woman in kimonos simpering before a lithographer's dream of a called for, by name. Timorously ap-proaching the curtain. In the low light, they heard what they declared to be the actual voices of the dead, though all the voices spunded metal-lic, ventriloquistic, like one of the

The moment I was scated—with the The moment I was scated—with the limbs carefully uncrossed—Mr. Slater Mr. Keeler entered peacefully. In shot in, bounced into a rocker, put his hands together prayerfully and his hands together prayerfully and instantly began to tell me about me. large head, with a mass of white hair, large head, with a mass of white hair. His hands together prayerfully and the type often called "leonine"—a large head, with a mass of white hair. His hands together prayerfully and his hands together p

their faith! . . . Some of the fav-ored even shook hands with the spirit. and heavy mustache very white against his healthy, ruddy face. His shoulders are broad, his eye is merry and roving, his manner big-brotherly

and coving, his mannet algo of would trust. When I saw him I wanted the seance to be genuine. He chose a woman and a man-Alexander of Toronto-for what he called a "battery," and the three sat in a row just in front of that curtain across one corner of the room. He announced that he would hold the woman's left arm with both of his hands throughout the seance, to prove that his hands did not effect the phenomena. The woman's right hand held Alexander's left, and Alexander's

right was visible throughout. Don't stop to get those rights and lefts straight! The point of it is that all hands were accounted for! The bat-tery were covered with a long drab cloth, and left with only their heads and Alexander's hand in sight-irresistibly like three people in barber's

The lights were not yet turned down. All the world knows that the reason for dark scances isn't to con-ceal anything, but because the spirits

hysterical moaning. The lights were turned up. The cover was removed from the batter, and there Keeler sat with both hands tight clasping the arm of the woman beside him, there-by indicating that he could not have

Doubtless it also proved that a mind ventrilequism could not have pro-duced the spirit voices. Slate Writing and Sich.

My second Keeler observation was of his slate-writing, which is as pop-ular as his seances. Though I had an One is by the use of a flap fitting into appointment. I had to wait an hour, till he had finished the celestial stenthe top of which extended above the curtain. Once the audience were invited to ography for those who had come be

fore me When I was admited, Mr. Keeley tar playing automatically. It was darkish in the corner, yet light enough to see that the guitar was indeed playing by spirit hands. . . Or by a music box, or electricity. sat at a plain table covered with a cloth which was scattered with slates, pencils, boxes, pads of papar. I had written the names of the four "spirits" with whom I wished to communicate upon four small sepa-During this vaudeville everybody had been cheerfully excited. But a change came over the room. The lights were extinguished, and a candle rate slips of paper, and these I dropped on the table. Apparently Mr. Keeler never touched them, but dis-covered the names contained in them lighted in a white box with a mov-able front over red paper. This box was in another corner of the room, and not far from the ceiling. Hands entirely by spirit aid. He bade me also write a message to his guide George Christy, asking Christy to to

hustle out into the heavenly halls and find the desired spirits for me. A night Christy never has to have suc a written request! We had, it seemed, to wait for the

spirits. Perhaps they were asleep or playing poker, or at a Slater seance. Do I seem flippant? Then let me

a hatchet-faced lady." Nor later, in the Sunday seance of 1500 peo-nle, were they to be strtied by Slater's rather intimate query, "Earl' a young man named Willard? Well, your let um alone!" I had pictured seers as grave and I had pictured seers as grave and

spiritualistic medium to assist Baal's was cleverer. There are innumerable objections to While we waited we talked casual-

There are innumerable objections to taking seriously the supposition that any spirit, or any power greater than Mr. Pierre L. O. A. Keeler's good right hand, was responsible for these "manifestationa." The error whereby Herbert's writ-ing supposed when Alfred rest wit-ting supposed when Alfred rest was the real trap I had laid, the message that most pleased me. There is some error here. Mr. Wells' body is not in the grave and I pray that it won't be for 40 years more! For "Herbert G. Wells" is the easy discussed the destination of the same bet H C. Wells' ly-mostly about Keeler's work on a small-town newspaper as a boy. Presently he wrote on one of the slates that Alfred, one of the spirits

I sought, wished to speak to "Harry." That was my first astonishment. I ing appeared when Alfred, not Herhad given my name to Keeler, for bert, had been summoned by placing an appointment, as "H. S. Lewis," but, nowhere at Lily Dale or any other mediumistic haunt had I given of the slip with the name in contact with the slate, indicated that Christy somebody else did not need the Her-bert slip to get the Herbert writing. that relic of my school days, the name "Harry."

Then why the mumbojumbo of putting the slips under t's ubber band at all-unless to mystify the sitter, or Keeler told me to wash and dry two apparently those two-dropped a tiny piece of slate pencil between them and placed them with the plain wooden frames tight together, even misdirect his attention? If the spirit was able to produce red writing without a bit of red pencii being placed between the slates, why fastening them together with a rub shouldnt he produce the ordinary gray

shouldn't he produce the ordinary gray slate-pencil as well? Why the written message to Christy, who comes at a ored even shook name is a same to all with the same of the slater. The hand seemed always the same to rubber band against one of the slater. The but various were the reports as two held the slates, each of us to how it felt. One woman said it We two held the slates, each of us holding one end of them with both our hands and—second and more our hands and—second and more on the slates. ber band. I was asked to place the slip with Alfred's name under the rubber band against one of the slates. vocal call during both the light and dark evening seances? Why the writ-ten names, when Christy gets the names verbally in the evening? Why anless to keep the slate-writing sitter busy and puzzled? Most of the "whys" are in the messages them-selves, which are reproduced in illustration to this article. I give their

mistaken when they think they are Brown or Robinson whom they want-ed to come. The Keeler adherents had often Is it not most strange that I. can (Should?) be here writing you and you not even see me, or know of my presence beyond the fact of my written message? Spirit life and return are facts. I cer-tainly am adive, I am GEORGE GISSING. told me that the spirit writings were recognizable in the actual script of the dead. My experience and that of Mr. Evans indicate that these adher-ents were self-deceived and make one

Despite his position as master of wonder how much to trust perfectly the realistic novel, most people at Lily Dale have probably never heard of George Gissing, hence my choice suggest that Christy did the writing of him. I have never seen or had a

for the spirits, to dictation, I inquire why Christy should write five differ-ent scripts, which obviously purport of him. I have never seen of had a letter from Gissing. Harry-Keep this little token of my life and remembrance. I do not want any one to regard me as lost. I will meet you whenever you open the door for me. ARTHUR UPSON. ARTHUR UPSON. signature of this message The

OF

very different, yet see the resem-blance in their writings of the word "spirit," with the same "sp" and the same "t." The "you" in Upson's messtartled me by its unquestionable re semblance to the real signature of Arthur Upson, the brilliant young American poet who died ten years sage is not much like the "you" in his actual, authentic writing, but it is very much indeed like the "you" in the message from Gissing! ago. But my surprise vanished w I compared the message with genuine letter from Mr. Upson re the Upson repre-

Yes, that must have been it. Christy must have written all five messages, duced with it. The slate message is Upson writing sharp, pointed, exact. The difference between the yous in from dictation, and to comfort me for my loss of Wells and others, the dear old fellow must have tried to make me think, by rather clumsily disguising his writing that I was getting five distinct scripts!

Harry-Tell them all I was here. I have a life as real as your own. The spirit, not the body, is the real self, and does not die. I am not leat. ARTHUR H. LEWIS. Note the vagueness of all of the messages except that from my "rela-tive," Mr. Lewis. Perhaps the de-fenders will explain this by remarking that the "spirits encountered an atmosphere of doubt" on my part. That is a classic retort, ranking with the spirits' "objection to light waves" as an explanation of dark seances. But I want them to tell me why the "atmosphere of doubt"-which I most certainly did carry into Mr. Keeler's immediate family would give. But the facts are that I have never seen never written to, and am not so far as I know related to, this "Alfred H presence and still carry vigorously-didn't entirely prevent my receiving messages?

The really intelligent reader will wonder why I devote so much time to indicating the true origin of these

absurd "messages." Not only are the writings and seances of Mr. Keeler mentioned by the faithful at Lily Dale as one of the most tangible proofs of spiritualism, but also, in Washington and else-where, Mr. Keeler has adherents who

the two is an example. the slate, and concealing the writing already on the slate, as a false bot-tom conceals the bottom of a trick box. Mr. Henry Ridgely Evans, in

tom Conceanning Ridges, box. Mr. Henry Ridges, his book, "The Spirit World Un-masked," believes that Mr. Keeler's niethod is simpler. He just writes the messages in his lap, while he sits there amiably chatting! This explains there amiably chatting! This explains there amiably chatting! This explains the use of the intimate "Harry," and the "tell them all I was here"—such an injunction as a member of one's immediate family would give. But ing. Then, will steph to make and a charming audacity, he substitutes these inscribed slates for the slates which the customer has painstakingly cleaned, and goes ahead with the sound of writing! With several slates

cleaned, and goes ahead with the sound of writing! With several slates all alike, it is easy to confuse the victim as to which slate is which. While I was going through the mummery of writing a message to Mr. Christy, Mr. Keeler had time to paim one or more of the slips on which I had written names. During the riga-marole of cleaning the slates and finding a suitable bit of slate-penci, so clever a conjurer as he could easily substitute an inscribed slate for a

so clever a conjurer as he could easily substitute an inscribed slate for a

firm man's hand, like a workman's." I wondered then how reliable are the reports of the believers after any scance! And I wonder whether some of the I was told that George wished

people were convinced that they were verily speaking to the departed. They answered the supposed dead as casuspeak to me, as well as Alfred. I text: placed the slip with George's name under the rubber band, also, and the (Shoul ally as one answers a telephone in a busy office. But several of the older women believed it—terribly. One of writing continued. Then the slates were separated and-third astonish-ment!-there on those slates which I was sure I had washed were written

them sobbed till I was decidedly shaky, as she cried to the putative spirit of her husband, "Oh, my dear, messages from George and-No, not from George and Alfred. my dear, it's so wonderful. Oh, my dear, I am so lonely for you. Is Charley with you? Oh, my dear!" First error! The guide, or Mr. Keeler, First error: The guide, or all Aceier, had made a mistake. George's mes-sage was there, but it was Herbert's epistle, not Alfred's, that accom-panied it, though the slip with Her-bert's name still lay on the table. Here was something sacred-not the squeaky spirit voice, but the broken human grief. The last voice spoke. The

But the giude made up for it im-mediately. On two other bound slates he gave notes from Arthur and the missing Alfred. Mr. Keeler had in-dicated to me that if I wished the additional spirit proof of writing in red-though the only pencil-fragment woman who had fainted ceased her red-though the only pencil-fragment reached behind the curtain and rung the bells, twiried the tambourine, written messages, and shaken hands. note to that effect to Guide Christy. had complied, and, sure enoguh there was a message in red from George W. Blood, written across the messages from Arthur and Alfred.